

# Codeseven, All The Best Dreams

Just close your eyes to erase all the best dreams  
and this quiet refrain is never what it seems  
it's five a.m. in a counterfeit sleep  
I can't believe that I'm still counting sheep  
with her mind full blown edged in bright warning red  
with voices in her head

I am close to it now to remembering  
all these dark desert clouds and how the torrent stream  
flooded our heels with a water so deep  
I can't believe that you still fell asleep  
with a mind full blown etched in light morning red  
with all that we have said  
you passed out cold on the deep waters edge  
you must have bumped your head

Don't be afraid  
forget it all  
keep it all to yourself  
Once you awake  
get it all keep it on your shelf

I kiss the mud and the leaves and the trees embrace me  
with the mountains lying down at the sea I would sleep